

## Home Never Felt Like Home To Me (Until Now)

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## Home Never Felt Like Home To Me (Until Now)

by [lunasquared](#)

### Summary

What he was not expecting when he arrived at the floor, which did just happen to be Natasha's floor, was a pool of blood, fresh blood, and an open window that someone or something was jumping out of.

“Wait!” Tony called out, but it was no use, the person or thing was gone before the words even left his mouth.

OR

Months after the Accords and the Rogues being gone someone starts showing up on the abandoned floors of the tower. Curious to how anyone was able to access the floor, Tony decides to check it out. What he did not expect was the start getting attached to the Spider-Kid that would show up every so often.

### Notes

Hello so sorry for skipping a few days! Anyways I've wanted to do something like this for awhile, but I never got the motivation until now. I've been going through a homeless!peter phase so I just felt like I had to write it. I'll probably write a different better one in the future.

Today's Prompt: Abandoned House

I took a different route for this one than what I originally was thinking, but I like how it turned out. It turned out to be more of a metaphorical abandoned house or the feeling of it being abandoned rather than something like exploring abandoned houses.

TRIGGER WARNINGS: Blood, Mentions of gun shot wounds, concussions, mentions of abuse (nothing graphic it's just Tony thinking)

If you think of any others please let me know so I can add them. I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

After the Rogues left, the tower just seemed weird. Maybe abandoned was a better word. Regardless, Tony didn't like to explore it unless he absolutely had to. The tower was practically abandoned, all except for the lower levels where people worked and Tony's lab. It was rare Tony went up to the penthouse anymore, only doing so in desperate times, i.e. he ran out of coffee in the lab. His home just didn't feel like a home. In all honesty the tower never did feel like home. Home was where his heart was supposed to be, but his heart had been broken so many times here it just didn't feel right. The rest of the floors, where the other avengers used to live, well those were straight up abandoned. Tony wanted absolutely nothing to do with them, he didn't want to step foot on one of those floors and he didn't feel like doing anything to change them into something else. However, one night that changed.

He was working in the lab per usual one Friday night when an alert showed up on his screen saying someone was on one of the abandoned floors. That didn't make sense though, because nobody except for Tony had access to any of those floors, so being curious Tony stopped what he was doing and had FRIDAY take him up to the floor. In all honesty, the Rogues did technically still have access to the floors, Tony wasn't that mean, but last he checked they were in Wakanda, so did they come back to New York? Well they were all in Wakanda except for Nat, Tony didn't know where she was and knew he wouldn't be able to find her, she didn't want to be found and Tony would respect that. For all he knew she could've been in New York and if she went up to her floor Tony would probably let her stay. The company would be kinda nice, and well he would prefer Natasha over any of the other Rogues, he probably wouldn't let any of the others stay.

What he was not expecting when he arrived at the floor, which did just happen to be Natasha's floor, was a pool of blood, fresh blood, and an open window that someone or something was jumping out of.

“Wait!” Tony called out, but it was no use, the person or thing was gone before the words even left his mouth.

With a sigh escaping his lips, Tony walked down the hall and pulled out a mop and mop bucket. Contrary to popular belief Tony did actually know how to clean. He learned one time when his anxiety energy got to be too much that even a lab binge couldn't fix, so he ended up cleaning the entire lab, penthouse, and his office, before he was rid of the excess energy. He quickly mopped up the blood then put the supplies away before heading down to the medbay. Clearly the person had been hurt so he figured why not put some basic medical supplies there in case they ever came back.

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For the most part Tony had forgotten the person who had gotten into the tower. Every so often he

would go up to check and see if any of the supplies were gone so he could replace them if needed, but so far nothing had been used. That was a good thing, Tony concluded because maybe that meant the person wasn't getting hurt anymore, or they were too scared to come back.

It was another late night in the lab, Tony lost track of how long he's been working hours ago, but he was so close, so close to finishing this one-

"Boss it appears someone has entered Ms. Romanoff's floor." FRIDAY spoke breaking Tony of his concentration.

"Hmm? What did you say?" Tony asked blinking a few times hoping the tiredness that suddenly hit him would leave.

"Someone has entered Ms. Romanoff's floor." FRIDAY repeated.

Tony nodded as he stood up and mumbled "Thanks." and quickly made his way to the elevator. He hoped the person wouldn't run again, though he had his doubts. When Tony stepped off of the elevator there was someone leaning against the island pressing some of the gauze Tony had left against his stomach.

"Crap, I'm sorry, I'll go." The person, who happened to sound very much like a kid and was wearing a onesie? And a mask, said.

"No no no, don't worry about it." Tony said putting his hands up in surrender. "Do you need any help?"

"Can uh- can you please hand me-" The person trailed off and pointed to something in the first aid kit. "That?"

"This?" Tony asked, holding up the rolled gauze.

The person nodded and took the roll from Tony, carefully wrapping it around his abdomen.

"Can I ask what happened?" Tony asked, unsure if it was his place or not, but also because, that's a lot of blood on the floor around the person.

"I got shot." The person explained, way too casually for Tony's liking.

"I'm sorry did I hear you correctly? Did you say you got shot?" Tony asked, his eyes widening.

"Yeah. It's not the first time it's happened." Again way too casual, that's not something that should sound so casual.

"You're that Spiderling, right, the uh crime fighting spider?"

"Spider-Man." They mumbled.

"Okay Spider-Man, you took the bullet out right?" Tony asked, because leaving a bullet in couldn't be a good idea, there was nothing good sounding about it.

Spider-Man nodded and gestured towards the counter where there was in fact a bloody bullet discarded.

"Do you need anything else?" Tony asked.

"No I think I'm okay, can I- can I just stay here for a few minutes to catch my breath?" Spider-

Man asked.

“Yeah, stay as long as you need.” Tony said and checked his watch sucking in his breath when he saw the time. “I haven’t eaten dinner yet, so I was gonna order something, do you want anything?”

“I think I’m okay.” Spider-Man said, but a few seconds later his stomach grumbled and Tony could practically see the embarrassment under the mask.

“I’ll get you something. Pizza okay?”

“Yeah pizza sounds good. Thank you.”

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So that’s how things went for a few months. Spider-Man would come by the tower at least once a week to patch up his wounds with the supplies Tony left for him. If Tony was at the tower during that time, he’d order pizza for the two of them and they would talk. And Tony would let him stay for as long as he needed.

Tony learned that Spider-Man was extremely smart. He actually had built his own web shooters, and made his own web fluid. For fun outside of Spider-Manning he liked to fix up old computers or pretty much any piece of tech he could get his hands on. That was when he also learned Spider-Man was on the younger side, which Tony already knew that just based on his voice, but he was definitely younger than what Tony had originally thought.

Tony was not growing attached. He was not. First of all he didn’t even know Spider-Man’s real name. Sure he could probably easily find that information if he did research, but he wanted to respect the kid’s privacy. Second, Spider-Man was a kid. A kid who he definitely wasn’t starting to care about and see as a person to mentor or as more of his kid. Okay fine maybe he cared a little bit and was already building a new suit that wasn’t a onesie for Spider-Man. But that did not mean he was getting attached or that he cared, he just wanted to make sure the kid stayed safe. Which was very different than caring thank you very much.

Tony liked the company though. Spider-Man visiting gave him something to look forward to each week and now the tower was starting to feel a little less abandoned. He still never went to the other rogues floors aside from Nat’s, and he still rarely went to the penthouse, but still, there was something about having evidence of people being on the one floor that did make it feel less abandoned. It was nice, Tony liked that it felt less abandoned, it was starting to feel like a home and his heart didn’t seem so broken.

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Tony smiled as he made his way to Nat’s floor because he knew Spider-Man was there, however the smile left his face the second the elevator doors opened revealing a very wobbly looking Spider-Man. Quickly, Tony rushed forward putting his hands on Spider-Man’s shoulders to help steady him and keep him from falling over.

“Whoa, careful there bud. What happened?” Tony asked, leading Spider-Man over to the couch to sit.

“‘s nothin miser star.” Spider-Man slurred.

“Are you drunk?”

Spider-Man slowly shook his head. “Got hit.” He said motioning to his head.

“Look kid, I’ve been trying to respect your privacy, but I think it would be good to take your mask off so I can make sure you’re not bleeding.” Tony suggested. “You don’t need to tell me your name or anything, I just want to check.”

Spider-Man nodded and reached up to pull his mask off but he couldn’t get a good grip on the mask.

“I got it bud.” Tony said and pulled the mask off in a quick motion then tried to keep the clear shock off of his face.

Spider-Man was on the younger side, he knew that, however he was not expecting a 14 year old, 15 years old at absolute most. Tony quickly shook off his shock and examined the kid’s head. He was pretty sure, based on how the kid was acting he had a concussion, but Tony could pretty much confirm it was a concussion based on how dilated his eyes were, especially considering Tony had turned the lights on when he came up.

“Okay, buddy,” Tony started when he was finished examining the kid’s head. “I think you’ve got a concussion and I definitely don’t think you swinging home is a good idea. Is there anyone I can call for you?”

The kid looked dazed for a moment before shaking his head.

“Okay do you live with anyone?” Tony asked because maybe the kid just meant nobody could be called because of Spider-Man. Once again the kid shook his head. “Alright how about you stay here for the night and in the morning maybe your brain will be feeling a little better. Does that sound good?”

The kid nodded then slumped over on the couch so he was laying down. It didn’t take long for the kid to fall asleep and when he did Tony stood up and grabbed a glass of water to put on the coffee table for the kid if he woke up. Knowing himself, Tony knew he wouldn’t sleep, okay well it wasn’t like he was going to sleep anyways, but now he knew he wouldn’t even be able to focus in the lab if he tried to work, so he sat on one of the other chairs in the living room and pulled up a holoscreen to hopefully get some work that Pepper has been pestering him about done. When Tony realized he hadn’t eaten all day (“It has actually been 2 days.” FRIDAY said) he had FRIDAY order some Chinese food for him and a bit extra for if the kid woke up and was hungry.

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Tony didn’t sleep at all that night. His food came around midnight and he kept working up until the kid woke up around 8am. From what Tony could tell the kid did look a lot better, his eyes were less dilated and he didn’t seem to be as dizzy.

“Hey kiddo how’re you feeling?” Tony asked when he saw the confused look on the kid’s face.

“What happened?” The kid asked.

Good the kid wasn’t slurring his speech anymore. “You came here last night with a pretty bad concussion.” Tony explained. “I wasn’t gonna let you swing home in that state and you weren’t able to give me any information about who I could call to tell them either you were safe or to come get you.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“Hey no need to apologize kid, I’m glad you came here, you were lookin’ pretty rough.”

“I uh-” The kid cut himself off as his hands flew up to his face and his eyes widened ten fold.  
“My mask!”

“Whoa it’s okay kid. I had to take it off to make sure you weren’t bleeding or anything.” Tony recalled putting his hands up in defense. “All I know is a face, I didn’t ask for a name and you didn’t give me one. I promise you kid, your identity is safe.”

The boy let out a breath of relief. “Sorry it’s just, nobody knows.”

“Don’t worry about it. I get it.” Tony said. “Is there anyone I can call to come get you or at least tell them you’re safe or do you need a ride anywhere?”

“No.”

“Okay that- that’s- okay I gotta ask kid, how old are you?” Tony asked because, okay Tony understood not wanting people to know about this, but no one to call even to just give an excuse, something wasn’t adding up, Tony was missing something.

“I’m uh I’m 15.” The boy said looking down at his hands.

Tony let out a breath and tried to stay calm. It’s fine Spider-Man just happens to be a 15 year old kid running around in a onesie, it’s fine. “I’m not trying to pry.” Tony prefaced because he really felt this might go south very fast. “But you have a home right? Like an apartment or house or something, right?”

The kid let out a nervous chuckle. Oh no, this couldn’t be good. “Well- does an abandoned building count?” The kid asked his voice going up a few pitches.

Oh gosh, okay this was fine, everything is fine. Spider-Man basically just told Tony that he’s homeless which means one of a few things. Spider-Man is in the foster system and ran away, Spider-Man is supposed to be in the foster system but ran to avoid it, or Spider-Man was in some sort of abusive household which isn’t any better than any of the other options.

“Well I’m gonna be honest with you kid.” Tony began, he really wasn’t sure where exactly he was going with this one. “I know very little about you, I don’t even know your name, but we’ve talked for a few months, you show up here randomly, and I definitely can’t say I haven’t felt any sort of attachment because you are actually the nicest person I’ve met in awhile so, I’m rambling I’m sorry, so do you want to live here? I’ve got the room, that’s not an issue, I just, where am I going with this.” Tony paused and took a deep breath to try and reset his mind. “Look, you are welcome to stay here, you also don’t have to, however if you don’t stay here I will actually require you to come by here to get food and so I can make sure you’re okay, and I’m still rambling, but what do you say?”

The kid looked at Tony in disbelief and the longer the kid went without saying anything the more anxious Tony got and was wondering if maybe he shouldn’t have said anything and just let Spider-Man go about his life like he had been doing.

“Peter.” The kid, Peter, finally said after about half a minute. “My name is Peter, and uh are you sure it’s okay if I stay here?”

“Yes.” Tony confirmed with a nod. “It’s perfectly fine if you stay here, I can either give you a floor to yourself or we can set you up in the penthouse which is where my crap is, even though I spend most of my time in the lab.”

“Yeah, yeah if it’s okay can I stay here?” Peter asked. “I like being alone, I do, but it’s been

awhile, I'm uh a bit lonely.”

“Okay perfect we’ll get you a room set up in the penthouse for the time being. If you end up absolutely hating it, you can leave anytime, and if you want to stay you can stay as long as you want.”

“Thank you.” Peter said with a small smile and if Tony wasn’t mistaken there were tears in Peter’s eyes.

“You’re welcome kid.” Tony said, returning the smile.

Yeah, Tony liked the kid, he cared about the kid, and he definitely wasn’t starting to see the kid as his own kid (okay but like he was but he couldn’t admit that). Tony knew he wasn’t going to regret giving Peter a place to stay, and maybe now his home wouldn’t feel so abandoned, maybe it would start feeling even more like a home. There were happy memories here now to replace the broken ones, and for once the tower really did feel like home.

## End Notes

Thank you all for reading I hope you liked it! Maybe in the future I'll add to this. Come say hi to me on [Tumblr](#)!

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